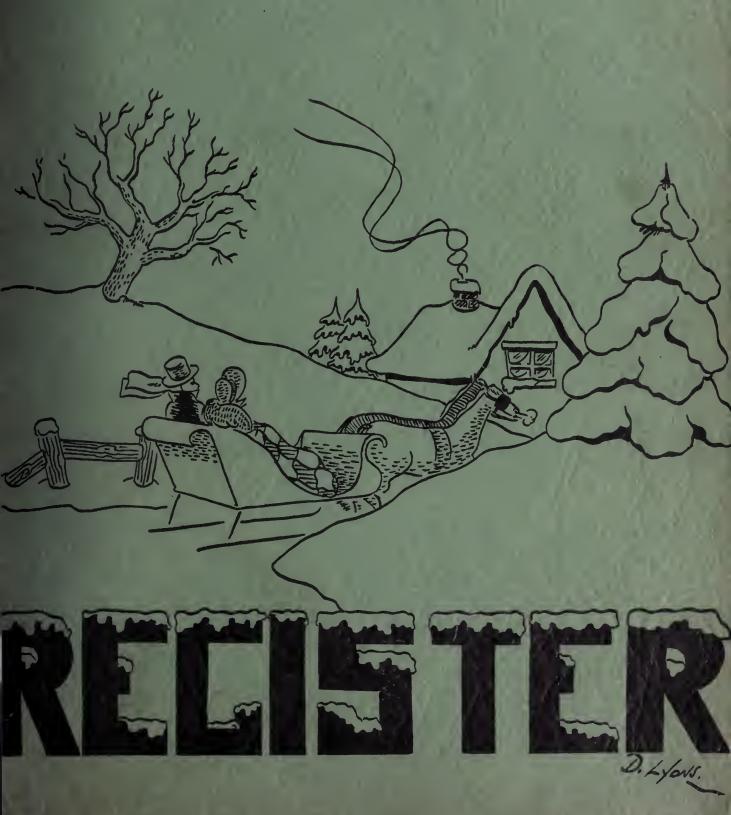
# LATIN ISCHOOL



# SPORTING GOODS

OFFICIALLY APPROVED
HIGH SCHOOL CADET

DRILL UNIFORMS

SHIRT - PANTS - CAP - BELT - TIE

\$ 9.95 COMPLET

LEATHER TOP
Basketball Shoes

\$6,95

Rubber Cushion Inner Sole

100% WOOL MELTON CLUB JACKETS \$8.95 Up

Also Gabardine-Satin and Reversible in Club Colors

BASKETBALL JERSEYS
BASKETBALL PANTS
SWEAT SHIRTS
SWEAT SOX
SUPPORTERS
GYM SHORTS

FIBRE KNEE CAPS
HOCKEY LEG GUARDS

\$2.95, \$4.95

\$2.45 Without Fibre Knee Cap **Basketball Sneakers** 

Posture Foundation

\$4.95

Others as Low as \$2.00

Melton Hoods

\$9.95 & \$16.50

Canadian Hockey Skates

Guaranteed Hard Box Toe and Skate

\$8.75 to \$13.50

PLANERT HOCKEY SKATES

 Prof. Model
 \$45.00

 Semi-Pro
 \$22.50

 Collegiate
 \$16.50

 Canadian Racers
 \$ 9.00

 Planert Racers
 \$45.00

 Planert Racers
 \$16.50

TRACK SHOES

CANVAS TOP

\$3.95

Boston Post All-Scholastic

**SWEATERS** 

100% All Wool Crew or Ring Neck \$8.95

BASKETBALLS VOLLEY BALLS SOCCER BALLS MEDICINE BALLS

All Leather Hair Padded Hockey Gloves \$9.95

> Others from \$6.95 to \$20.00

## M. S. ROSENBAUM, Inc.

Sporting Goods Distributors

Established 1889

165 BROADWAY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Corner Shawmut Avenue — Opposite Subway Entrance
Three Blocks from Metropolitan Theatre

# The Latin School Register

MEMBER OF COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC
PRESS ASSOCIATION

# Christmas Issue

Volume LXVI

December, 1947

Number 1

# PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, AVENUE LOUIS PASTEUR, BOSTON, MASS.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy cents per year; by mail two dollars. Entered as second class matter October 12, 1898 at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Advertising rates on application, Contributions solicited from undergraduates. All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, on one side of the paper only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.



# SCHOLASTIC JEWELERS INC. "Official Jowelers of Class of 1947" WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON Liberty 2-3572 DEvonshire 8-8033 Gn Boston it's E. F. P. BURNS INC. 100 Summer Street Dress Clothes for Rental STYLE—SERVICE—SANITATION





SHORT STORIES AND ARTICLES		Pag
There is nothing like being	Home for Christmas	
Warm drinks and stolen jewels in	The Case of the Missing Ice	(
It shouldn't happen to a dog!	My Night as a Star Super	1
The spoils of battle go	To Every Victor	1.
Are you	On the Ball	17
The haunting music of	Life's Unfinished Symphony	1 8
III fortune stalked the ship	Launched in Blood	19
Nature lovers!	Where are our Ducks	22
POETRY		
War or Peace		8
Reflections		12
A Sonnet		18
Migration		21
SPORTS		0.0
51 OK13		23
EDITORIALS		35
FEATURES		
Our Lords and Masters		38
Something of Interest		39
Ye R. R. R.		4
Take It From Me .		43



### **EXECUTIVE BOARD**

Leonard A. Greenbaum, Chairman

Stanley Gelles Norman Milgram Myron Solberg Robert Bush

### LITERARY STAFF

Art

Robert Rosenberg Alfred Lee David Lyons

 $\mathsf{Verse}$ 

E. H. Shpiegleman

Photography

Norman Levine Edward Murray **Fiction** 

Arnold Sable Hapet Kharibian Paul G. Donahue

Articles

Philip Flayderman, Mar. 24, 1931 Merrill Goldwyn, Jul. 15, 1947 Joseph Tabrisky H. Laserson

Business Manager, Myron Solberg

Neil Bennet

Advertising Manager Robert Rosenberg

Associate Manager Robert Lydiard

Assistant Managers

Richard McCabe Henry Shulman Bernard Kafka David Neitlich

Advertising Assistants

Burton Berinsky Robert Bush Thomas Dowd Norman Kotker Stephan Meterpores Herbert Myers Robert Palter Neal Shulman Irving Rosenberg Circulation Manager Stanley Gelles

Associate Manager

Julian Andelman Assistant Managers

> George Benjamin Herbert Katz Stanley Miller Stanley Saperstein

Circulation Assistants

James Burris
Hubert Caplan
James Crowley
Sumner Friedman
James Gorman
John Kenney
Charles Jingozian
Paul Mabry
Ira Pastian
Albert Vara



The faculty and pupils of Latin School mourn the passing of Mr. Peirce, a Master in the History Department for almost a quarter of a century. Those fortunate enough to have sat in his classes will remember him as a superior teacher, a wise counselor and a helpful friend - an exemplary moral and intellectual influence.

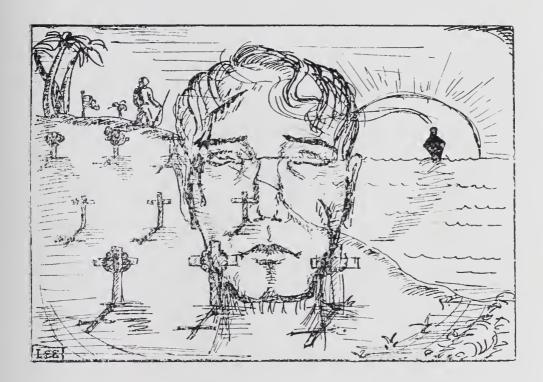
We sincerely sympathize with Mrs. Peirce and her daughters in their grief and assure them that the indelible impression made in our hearts may be expressed by this humble tribute -Vir bonus fidusque, qui omnia pro bono Scholae Latinae fecit.



1931 — 1947

# Home For Christmas

By Hapet Kharibian '48



Hello, mister. It's strange that you should come to see me, of all people. But then, I'm glad you came, for it gets lonely here on this little island. Of course, I have my companions, but they're the same as I, each one with his own thoughts.

I used to live on a farm out west with lots of woodland around it. Dad and I would spend a lot of our time camping or hunting. Dad often said that if the smell of bacon frying over a fire didn't do something to a man well, that man just wasn't living. He was a great sportsman and used to take me whenever he went hunting. I remember the first deer I bagged—the only other time my heart

beat so fast was when we came in here on the first "wave".

We lived quite a distance from town, so we got to know our neighbors pretty well. They had a boy my own age and we did just about everything together. His place had a pond and in the summer we'd often fish there. Lying on the bank we'd idly cast our lines in the water and dream of what we'd do when we got older. We never did catch much fish, but it was a lot of fun anyway. In winter we'd often skate there and then go in for some hot do-nuts and milk.

Whenever I think of winter, I picture Christmas. Christmas was a real occasion at our place. Our relatives

and friends would come from all over, and, after simple grace, we would "dig in" at the groaning table. When we had finished, we children would go out and play all afternoon in the snow. At night we popped corn, played parlor games, and drank that rich, home made cider,

Oh, life hadn't always been so easy, no sir! But with us, somehow, it had

more smiles than tears.

The years rolled by. I had long since received a piece of land to farm as my own. I drove the family car, joined 4-H and other clubs, and then came the year I graduated. I re-

member the speaker at our graduation telling us about shouldering our part of the burden. I'm afraid we didn't pay much attention; we were all too interested in the party that night.

Well, now I think I'll say goodbye. I see my ship has just come into the harbor, and they're sending the empty coffins ashore. Some of us aren't going back this trip. They're remaining here in the ground we bought with our blood. But I'm going home. I can't help wondering how it will feel to pass this Christmas back home again.



What is there, in this mysterious world, of worth to the dead hero's mother

And what of her who still remembers when she held her baby son?

Raving and raging war—And what is its worth to society?

Only the Lord had reason to take her son's life, and yet, to her eason can never be offered. She has lost him whom she had borne.

Painstaking cares, she once had made for him — and now she is childless.

Induring life alone. What matters the Victor? She lost a son!

And now there is talk of another war — I ask those who prepare

Can they be willing to lose their son—that a war may be won?

Rasily one says, "Fight." But let him lose his son! Which? War or Peace?



# The Case of the Missing Ace

# THE ADVENTURES OF LOCHINVAR

### Richard Gidez—'48

The sun tried to squeeze into the fog that envelops London many mornings, but to no avail. I, Doctor Jonathan Notsaw, was enjoying a hearty breakfast of kippers and muffins, and making futile attempts to talk with my eccentric room-mate the celebrated mortician, Lochinvar Jones, who was avidly scanning the obituary column of The London Telegraph.

A victoria drew up in front of our lodgings, and in a few minutes Mrs. Brown, our housekeeper, ushered in a "grande dame", dripping with boas. Perhaps our room was untidy or something interested her in the ceiling, but her elegantly arched nose was pointing towards the sky. The minute Jones laid eyes on her he exclaimed, "Lady Cavendish! You have come to retain me to find out who took your jewels last night, at your dinner party."

"Amazing deduction, Jones. How did you know?"

"Tosh, Notsaw. While you were busy gabbing away this morning, I read it in the newspaper. The police could find no trace of her jewels." Turning to Lady Cavendish, he said, "If you would be so kind, madame, as to supply details to Notsaw, I will dress and join you shortly."

Removing some old newspapers from the overstuffed armchair, I beckoned her to sit down. Like a vulture alighting on a flower, she sat and I noticed the cushion on the chair sag to the floor.

She began her account of last night's happenings.

"I was celebrating my fifth coming out party, with a few friends, five hundred in all. However, at the time of the theft only five were on hand." With this, she graciously removed her gloves and put them in her large handbag. With a twitch of her nose, she resumed her story. "Those five were, The Honourable Alice Esmond, Lord Clinton Carleton, Sir Arthur DeWitt, and myself."

At this point I interrupted and asked, "You said there were five and that is only four. Who was the other one?"

In an icy tone, she answered, "The butler of course. He was mixing drinks."

Embarrassed by my stupidity, I remained silent and she finished. "All at once we were plunged into darkness, and I felt an icy hand around my neck breaking the clasp of the diamonds. When the lights were turned on, my necklace was gone. The police when they arrived, found nothing."

Jones at this point entered. "Notsaw, it would be a good idea if you questioned the suspects, while I take care of Lady Cavendish. As I left I heard Jones serenading Lady Cavendish with his trap drums.

Hailing a carriage, I gave instructions to the cabby to take me to Kenninston Court, where Sir Arthur DeWitt resided. I was ushered into a palatial parlor, draped with mink and carpeted with sable. Sir Arthur was reclining on a couch and he bade me to sit down. I explained who I was, and then asked, "Did you have any motive for stealing Lady Cavendish's diamonds, if you did steal them?"

"Yes," answered Sir Arthur, a master of rhetoric.

"What was it?"

"Gambling."

"Did you steal the jewels?"

"No."

"Do you suspect anyone?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Lady Cavendish."

"Why?"

"Insurance."

Overwhelmed by his fluency of speech, I took my leave and set out to the home of The Honourable Alice Esmond. Her maid informed me that she had left that morning for the country and would be gone for some time.

Hurdling this obstacle I next called on Lord Carleton, whom I found in bed.

According to his doctor, he had been struck down by a strange malady. Being a doctor myself, I was quite curious and interrogated Carleton.

"There is really nothing to tell. After the robbery, my nerves were very shaky so I took a drink to calm them. After the drink I began to feel strange."

There was nothing more to say. Lord Carleton was making his way to the bookies as I left him. My next stop was to the flat of Laurence, the butler. He was reading Chaucer when I arrived. He hastily put it away and ordered his man-servant to pour me a glass of milk. The only I'ght he could shed on the case was that The Honourable Alice Esmond desired to purchase the diamond, but Lady Cavendish was asking too high a price.

Once back in my lodgings, I told Jones everything.

"Eureka", he cried. "The case is solved."

He then made a mysterious telephone call and told me afterwards that he would have to wait a few days before the diamonds were recovered and the culprit brought to justice.

Four days later, a man dressed conservatively, and garnished by a large mustache, came to our apartment. He introduced himself as Mr. Potts of the Bureau of Sanitation, and produced from his pocket Lady Cavendish's diamonds.

Dumfounded, I asked Jones to explain.

Tosh, Notsaw, it was obvious. The diamonds were put into the ice bucket on the buffet table. Since the cracked ice looked like the diamonds, they would go unnoticed unless you carefully searched for them, which the police didn't. After the police had finished searching for the gems and had given up, the thief was going to take the bucket into the kitchen and then escape with the jewels. But his plan was foiled, for Lord Carleton made himself a drink after the robbery and by mistake swallowed the diamonds, accounting for his illness. The thief had lost the jewels as he found out later but there was no way to get them back, so he thought.

That call I made a few days ago was to 'The Bureau of Sanitation, who had been searching for the diamonds in the sewers ever since. The jewels of course had been token out of Lord Carleton by means of a stomach pump, and the refuge thrown down the drain. It was an arduous task, but they have been recovered."

"But who took them?"

"The only person who had access to both the ice-bucket and the kitchen, Laurence, the butler."

As I write up these notes, Jones is preparing for a date with Lady Cavendish. The heavy fog has rolled down over the street and is clinging to the sidewalks. Jones is clinging to a lamp post. All is quiet on Baker Street.

# My Night as a Star Super

By Thomas O. Welch '48



Last March, when the Metropolitan Opera Company came to Boston, one of my friends asked me to "super" in the Opera with him. Not being aquainted with this profession. this was, to me, an entirely new way to make the proverbial dollar. Being interested in opera however, I consented. On a Friday afternoon we appeared at the Opera House at approximately five o'clock to get jobs as supers for the evening's performance, which began at eight o'clock. The opera was Verdi's version of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, "Otsello".

We draped ourselves around the stage door and waited for the man who had charge of hiring the supers. Other boys who had previously been hired for the work came and were admitted. We waited and waited and it grew to be six o'clock. Like the laborers who stood all the day idle, we were not hired. We became exasperated but were determined to stick it out until the last gun, or perhaps the last super, was fired.

Every so often that man would appear at the doorway and we, with pleading faces, begged him to hire us.

His answers were invariably negative. However, our lamentations became so loud and freguent that, at length, he took me by the collar and thrust me inside. Although not a dramatic entrance, it was an entrance, and I was inside Eben Jordan's plush Opera House.

The change in the outlook was so entirely different that I stood for a moment utterly dumbfounded. Here was another world. French and Italian were the common languages. The tenors and baritones with the contraltos and the sopranos were all in their respective dressing rooms vocalizing. The stage manager was yelling directions at the hands. The chorus was milling about. The particip ants were dressed in the costumes of a bygone era and bore such a great amount of lipstick that they almost looked grotesque. My mind was a cerebral hurricane as I gazed upon "the world behind the footlights."

I was crudely shaken out of this lovely nightmare by a scream from the stage director who asked me, in no uncertain terms, what I was doing there. I explained and he ordered me to the tenth floor to costume. By this time my friend had joined me and we flew across the stage to the stairs. We were promptly arrayed in the magnificent garb of cavalry officers. At least we wouldn't carry spears.

After this we had about an hour before the curtain would rise. During this time we were given our directions as to what we should do. We practiced our entrances and exits for fully an hour and then we were told that we could have the remainder of the pre-curtain time to ourselves, In this time we staged duels with each other. Fortunately Opera House sabres are made of pre-war rubber.

Then the house lights were dimmed and the orchestra started the overture. We were summoned to our places as soon as the curtain rose. As I walked onto the stage, I felt as important as the tenor himself. Having assumed my place, Otello came over and stood in front of me and, with one heavy thud, he stamped upon my foot and remained there for fully five minutes. During this time I was in agony as would be anyone else who bore the weight of a two-hundred and fifty pounder on his toe. How-

ever I was, of course, unable to tell him to remove himself from his present stance and yet I certainly could not moan. My sympathies for Desdemona rapidly mounted and, before long, my hate exceeded that of Iago.

After the first act was concluded we were told that our services would no longer be required and that we would be permitted to watch from the wings. The only injunction that was laid upon us was that we must remain perfectly still. Complying we quietly stood there in the wings and were entranced by that dazzling world.

As of to-day, the acme of my ambition is to be un Pagliacchio.

# Reflections

By E. H. Shpiegelman

Calm and at rest the river lies
The lapping waves are soft;

A hair's breadth above a seagull flies, And sees himself aloft,

Upon a bank a blossom springs, And gazes down in bliss;

Who knew the love of other things, Now seeks himself to kiss.

A crowd of cloudlings hang above, To make the sun a veil;

And down below with mirrored love, The stream draws their detail.

A little wisp of wind blows by,— The river is yet still;

The moving form that tries the sky, Can feel no zephyred will.

To this I come, for this I search, Through visions low and base;

A holied spot, a nat'ral church, A silent resting place.

# To Every Victor

BY ARNOLD SABLE '48



The two men who walked into the drug store held no special interest for Lenny. He had seen that type all day loitering about the polls where the voting was taking place. He had often observed them in front of the city hall guffawing with synthetic glee at the jokes aimed at the opponent of their candidate, who was a heavy favorite. Just as the familiar black satchel was the accompaniment of a doctor, the over-stuffed briefcase the insignia of the learned man, so the men of this dubious profession had their identifying symbols—big buttons on their lapels proclaiming the the name of the candidate who would bring "good government" to Longview.

Customers in the rear of the store, while waiting patiently for their prescribed medicine and pain-killers, spoke with red faces of their own intentions in the election. The two men glanced about them before giving their order for lime-cokes to Lenny. One of the two, a small person with rheumy eyes, paid for the drinks.

The fat one did not budge to protest, but seized the glass and gulped the liquid down in one swish.

"Get me another one, Sam," he said.

Sam left his glass untouched. He slapped on the counter another nickel. Lenny, who wasn't one to be told something twice, mixed the coke syrup with seltzer. As Sam put the empty glass on the counter, he looked up at his friend.

"Think it will be a close election, loe?"

Joe drew his coat sleeve across his lips, muffling faint sounds of pleasure. "Nah, not a chance. With the good campaigning Ronald T. Thomas has done, he's a cinch to continue as mayor of Longview."

Sam nodded in agreement with these words. They looked again to the rear of the store where a group of five men were arguing with the assistant pharmacist. The energetic ones held steadfast to the opinion that free people had the opportunity to tell others who would be their

choice for mayor. Behind the counter. the pharmacist remained silent. If he voiced a view contrary to that of his friends, it would mean the transfer of business to the competitor down the Avenue. At present, the store held her own with her gaudy neighbor which boasted of indirect lighting and an air condtioning system. People who had been loyal patrons since their childhood still clung to the narrow place. Here one could buy Mother Sally's Remedy, perhaps a little dusty; but a hidden wipe over the box made the purchaser none the wiser.

Joe lit a cigar. The smoke curled upward to the metal corrugated ceiling, stayed suspended for a dying instant, and then vanished. Sam lit one, too.

"I still think it will be close, Joe. Thomas has been getting mean lumps from Abbot. You just can't tell."

Joe whirled around from a leaning position. "Look here, you dope, the only thing that would make the election close is if the people are stupid enough not to vote for our man. At least those who can't remember for a long stretch had enough favors done, compliments of you-know-who." He waved his cigar grandilo-quently in the air around his pot belly. "How can the vote be close?"

Sam shrugged, lost in a fog of enveloping smoke. He dragged darkly on his cigar for several moments, his eyes trying to blink out the water flooding over his eyes. The fat one, belly thrust outward, regained his position, two elbows on the counter. He seemed to be devouring each confection in the case near the door. He swallowed when his eyes fell upon a Sky Bar, he tipped his head back when he saw a Necco Wafer, and he munched through the phantasm of a Bolster. Lenny had been warned about preventing the lingering of patrons who had already made their purchases. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw the boss was busy replenishing a display of hair tonic, and Lenny did not care.

When someone stepped into his line of vision, Joe turned. "I wonder what jobs we'll be getting. Last year it was the assistant to the Public Works Commissioner. We'll try for more pay this time."

"Yeh, but it was too warm in Florida to suit me." Sam's eyes brightened over Joe. "Could we go up to Maine or some place north? Could we? Huh, Joe, could we?"

Some cigar ash fell on Joe's coat. Lenny noticed this as he put up some ice-cream-to-go. "I've been thinking", began Joe, "I've been thinking maybe it's better if we get a Buick instead of paying pullman fare."

"Why? How much does a Buick cost now-a-days?"

"Oh, about two-three thousand dollars."

"Gee, it's a good thing we don't have to spend our own money." Sam whistled. "Two-three thousand dollars!"

"Almost eleven. Should have the votes counted by now."

Sam nodded.

"Wow, but I'm sleepy. Have I worked like a dog for Thomas!"

Sam yawned and stretched.

Opposite the fountain rested a rack displaying the popular magazines: Time, Look, Life, Good Housekeeping, and others. Joe picked up Life and flipped through the pages, stopping to stare at the section featuring dogs of pedigree breed. Sam went to his side and leaned over his shoulder. Lenny recalled that the management frowned on free reading. The boss wasn't in view, so that saved the trouble of a few dirty looks.

Joe finished reading, and let the magazine fall sloppily on the Reader's Digest. Lenny thought, I'll have to go over to fix that soon, but not now. The boss expects a crowd to come in for coffee and doughnuts when the election results are compiled, and that ought to be any minute now.

Just then, two figures appeared at the door. A man and a woman shaded their eyes while pressing their noses against the plate glass. The man was about to turn when the woman opened the door.

She had red puffy eyes. As she walked in, followed by a plainly clothed man, she took a hesitant

path.

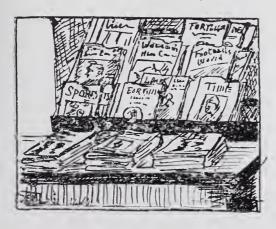
Lenny waited on the couple. "Gimme a double bromo, kid. My asthma's on the up again." Her hair was towsled, sneaking in a few strands of white with a stray one on the shoulders of her ratty fur coat. Joe and Sam did not look up from their silence.

The woman addressed the man. "I hope Thomas doesn't get in. You can bet your false teeth I'll be glad if he doesn't." She fed the register a dollar bill and received in turn some change. Her eyes grew limp as she swallowed the bubbling drink. The two politicians renewed their smoking.

"O.K., come on. Let's go now," the

nan said.

"And do you know why I'll be glad? I'll tell you. It's because this city had been run by a bunch of the same people for a long time and now we have to get a change. My husband



is an invalid with two legs cut off at the thigh. Sure, it was bad we had no insurance. So what? Did the city do anything to help him or me? And how about my asthma? Didn't they kick me out of the city hall when I came up asking for help? That old sawbones. What did he know about asthma?" Her lips trembled. "No, I was the one who had to go out and work."

"All right, let's go now." The man turned. She put a wrinkled red piece of flesh on his arm.

"I hope Thomas loses." Her face contorted, her thoughts speared out in solid form. "There's me and my husband, my daughter Mary and my son-in-law who didn't vote for him. You see, I told them if they wanted to pay back Longview the debt we owe them, they mustn't back Thomas." She coughed a laugh. "I'm just hoping."

The man walked to the door and held it open. She followed his motion through a hazy blotch of red light and finally went to his side. "That andidate isn't getting our votes. They deserve it for making my asthma worse."

Her companion held the door open. She stepped into the street. He came after her. Soon they were lost in the night.

Joe looked at Sam when he saw the latter's face darken. "What's bothering you? Only three votes Thomas has the support of this whole city."

"Yeh", answered Sam. "That's right. Gee, I hadn't thought of it."

"Take my word, as soon as the election is over, everyone will come bowing at our feet to help the chief."

Joe had spoke too soon. Suddenly and abruptly a crown of pushing, shouting, waving, singing people surged through the door. The sudden change was like the still night being splashed by heavy boulders perpet-

ually grinding in a whirlpool. Soon the store was overflowing with a multitude who chanted in unison for their doughnuts and coffee.

Joe rushed into the group tugging at the collar of a person whom he had recognized. He lifted him out of the deafening mass to bring him near the counter. Some were arguing, too happy or too nervous to celebrate.

"Quick." Joe was breathing hard as if he had climbed the North Building to the tenth floor during the elevator strike. "What has happened? How much has Thomas won by?"

"Wait!" the other man shouted above the cry of the crowd. "Give me a chance, Joe! Give me a chance to catch my breath!"

Sam waited excitedly before his friend. At the fountain the coffee began to flow from the steaming can into eager cups. Doughnuts were added to the plates, while the register gobbled up all currency with a tiny ping. The crowd gradually subsided into a loud hum.

"O.K. You're all right now. Tell me the results."

"You might as well forget about the whole thing, Joe," said the other man quietly. "Thomas lost."

Lenny straightened and saw the face of a pale man tighten under the bluish light. His eyes begged, his belly seemed pathetically mocking.

"The dirty . . . ."

Sam came to his aid. "I just heard." Joe did not seem to notice. His lips mumbled incoherent threats to anyone, anywhere.

In ten minutes the excitement in the store was over. There remained three outsiders, Joe, Sam and the messenger of bad tidings. The latter turned, hands folded down into his pockets.

"Gotta be leaving." He about-faced noiselessly.

When he was at the door ready to open it, Joe lifted his voice. "Mac,

by how many votes did Thomas lose?" He was like a disconsolate choir boy in his first canto.

"Three." And then the door closed. In the rear of the store, the assistant and the boss were preparing to close. The elections were over, the best man had won, and the victors would soon distribute their spoils.

"Look at all the things we did for the people." Joe spoke. "As if Thomas hadn't done enough to make Longview the most decent, the best place to live in." He shook his head. "All the jobs we've handed out, all the free help we've given . . . ."

Sam looked at the empty fountain. "Yeah."

"And they've got the best government in forty years."

Lenny loosened his apron. The boss from the side made a motion which meant to get the broom—the signal for all stray customers to leave. The lights would soon have to be dimmed, the floor would have to be swept. From the back had to come the grate for the front door. The empties were to go in the cellar, the cats fed, and the milkcans brought to the front of the store. It was closing time.

The men waited. They waited as Lenny put the grate on the door and suggestedly deposited the milkcans almost beside them.

Then they straightened when Lenny came sweeping to them with the broom. Sam walked before the other, hunched into his thoughts like the taut head of a snare drum. They shuffled across the store, scattering the pile of dirt: cigar bands, candy wrappers, ice-cream sticks, napkins. They went to the door.

Lenny swept under the booth as they walked out in the wake of a woman with asthma, in the shadow of a man with no legs, and a daughter and a son-in-law. Human beings? Just votes the way the pols figure. Only sometimes they don't vote right.

# On The Ball

BY PAUL DONOGHUE '49

Equipped with several sandwiches, a bottle of pop and a radio, I trudge upstairs to begin my nightly stint of homework. (Nobody is looking, or the radio would not be listed here).

Tuning in the ball-game for inspiration, I begin the Latin. "At length. Romans, either we have cast out of the city Ted Williams, raging" - - No! No! That isn't right. Wait a minute. Let's try the next sentence. "He has departed, he has gone out, he has escaped, he has stolen third base." Oh! Oh! This is terrible. I must concentrate.

Maybe it only effects Latin. I'll do the Math first, Ah! Let's see! - -Hmm - "Angle X = Angle Y, becausethe throw to first gets away from the first baseman and Pesky goes to second." I don't think that reason sounds right. I'll try ngain. This time it comes out, "Things - to = things are double plays." Bah! Double Bah!! This is getting me nowhere. Should I turn off the radio? No! Many great brains have turned out brilliant pieces of work in spite of disturbances. Why shouldn't I? (Do not answer that. Besides, how could I work not knowing what was taking place in that ball-game?

Well, lessee. French isn't too hard. I tackle that and achieve similar results: "Je suis, tu es, il est picked off first". Nope, that won't do. Let's try avoir. "J'ai, tu as, il a, nous avons, vous avez, ils ont men on first and second with two out."

Maybe I should just forget the homework until the game is over. No, can't do that either. Twenty pointer in French tomorrow. Well, I could do English now and French later.

This should be easy:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,

From Doerr to Jones a double kill,

And deep his midnight lair had made

Down to 3rd base a bunt is

But when the sun his beacon red

It's 2 to 1, the Sox ahead! The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay

There's a large crowd here on Ladies' Day.

What have I done! If Sir Walter Scott could hear this he would not merely turn in his grave—he would leap from it, like a Mexican jumping bean—and justly!

The only thing left is German. I may as well try that. What have I got to lose? Nothing but my teachers' respect, my parents' approval the chance to stay in Latin School, to amount to something. These thoughts sober me momentarily and I shudder to think of my grim future, I can't let them down. I'll do better on this—I must! I must! "Der Mann hat einen Schuh verlieren. Es gibt ein pitch-out, a throw to first and he is out. Ach Himmel! Donder und Blitzen Harris and Ferris! I'm hopless!

To make a long story longer, I finish. The next day they take a couple of my teachers to Squirrel Haven, where they are now taking a long rest-cure after trying to correct my papers. The others, those still "compos mentis", strongly suggest that I seriously consider the noble profession of street-cleaning. I could start in Park Street Under and work up.

There's one noun in the third declension that I do know, however. It goes radios, radis, radit. . . .

# Life's Unfinished Symphony

By Sumner Kirshner '48

piano player named Schubert to supper. Not ignorant of hardships ourselves we found pleasure in helping those less fortunate. He seldom refused our invitation because in those days jobs were hard to find and rarely did he earn enough to stay the pangs of hunger. Out of gratitude he used to tune our clavichord and then play one or two of our favorites.

One night he came quite early and after we had exchanged the customary salutations, he began to play.

It was an original composition and he played it as one inspired. The keys seemed to perform of their own volition. The melody was beautiful and the clear crisp tones wonderous to hear. Now sharp and powerful, as though possessed of the strength of the Magdebury — nemispheres; now slow and melodious as the Donau on a sunny morning. The depth of feeling was inspiring and his virtuosity unquestioned.

All these factors combined to give

Anna and I used to invite a young my wife and I sat as though transfixed, unconsious of anything, but the brilliance of his playing. I was brought back to reality only when Dora, our maid, announced supper.

> Yet I sat as one paralyzed, with only the ears seeming to function, in order to absorb the tender strains.

> Finally Anna and I, compelled by mortal hunger, withdrew to eat our suppers, which had now long since grown cold.

> And do you know, when we once again returned to the music-room. that fellow was still at the piano, seemingly oblivious to his surroundings, or his stomach.

> As the last lingering strains of the melody came to a close, he thanked us for our hospitality and bade us good night

> We heard nothing more of him until this morning ,when I read of his untimely death. The Consumption, I think they said.

What did I say his name was? Schubert, Franz Shubert. Yes it's too bad. I think he might have bea performance so incomparable that come a great artist. Well, so it goes.

# A Sonnet

By E. H. Shpiegelman

I sought to read, to set a printed page Before that orb of sighting called the eye; And yet the penned mood could not engage My inner fancy, though I knew not why. I left the print and trod out to the air, Just as the night the door of day did close, And then I found a truer meaning there.— T'was written on the petals of a rose. It was a stanza of the poem called Spring, Its verses were the all infecting scent; Its chorus was the nightingales that sing, Its amoured feeling, beauty's tenement. And when the night had melted into day, I home returned and cast my book away.

# Launched in Blood

BY H. BROWN '50

The bottle was broken over her sleek clipper bow and the newly christened "Ripple" started to slide down the greased ways, picking up momentum as she went. From her mainmast, forward to her bowsprit, and aft to her stern, she was bedecked with flags and signal pennants of all kinds. Yes, she was a pretty ship, an auxiliary schooner, with her masts stretching endlessly skyward, proud and defient.

Suddenly a scream was heard. Then silence. There, in the midst of a blood-stained patch, lay the crumpled body of a workman, still clutching the support which he had been trying to release from the boat's stern. He had been pinned beneath the great hulk without ever having the slightest chance.

The man was immediately attended to, but somehow there wasn't a sailor present who thought that he would live. And there, out on the water, was the "Ripple", with her flags crackling in the fresh wind as if she wanted attention and wasn't a bit ashamed of her actions. The old tars of the "rocking chair" fleet shook their heads and muttered, "Launched in blood, she'll never do any good."

In the harbor, the "Ripple" rode at anchor in the ever straightening wind. It was one of those southwest storms that sweeps in and stays for days at a time. The crew that was hired to outfit her was working, to be sure, but there was no hurry. The ship's sailing would be cancelled, and there wasn't a captain in the whole port who would dare touch the helm of the ship launched in blood.

The wind came in stronger and stronger. The ripples turned to choppy whitecaps and then to waves. The foam churned up just before it hit the beach and then rolled up to the stone wall breakers and crashed against the rocks. The sea rose and fell and developed a huge swell, capable of swamping any small vessel. The Hog Island supply ship, loaded with badly needed food and medicine, was cut off and went down. All the other sea-worthy vessels were out on voyages. The port authorities had to turn to the "Ripple", to aid those on Hog Island, but to find a man to captain it was another problem.

The harbormaster was perplexed. He tried every shipping house in port. He even tried the members of the "rocking chair" fleet, but even they wouldn't dare attempt the passage. He was told to look up Bill Stearns, a man who spent three-fourths of his time in the tavern and the rest recovering. He had been one of the best seaman in town in his day, but because of a suspicious accident in which everyone but Bill went to the bottom of the sea, he was stripped of his right to hold the helm of any fishing or trading vessel. The harbormaster thought about Bill quite seriously when he exhausted his last possible source. With a sigh, he walked down the tavern steps and entered the main room where the infamous Bill Stearns hung out.

Bill, with his three cronies, was seated at the usual table. The harbormaster approached, drew up a chair, and entered the conversation. Talk turned and finally came upon the ill-fated ship now tossing about at its

mooring, impatient to depart on its errand of mercy. Bill remarked that there wasn't a man in port who had guts enough to captain the "Ripple."

"Have you?" asked the newcomer. "Sure."

"No, you haven't."

Bill stood up, now quite sobered. He recognized the harbormaster and realized that this was a challenge. The crowd milled about him.

"By God, I'll do it," he whispered. "I'll do it."

A huge throng was on hand to see the town drunk off. The rare combination of a throughly bad man with a thoroughly bad boat was one that not many wanted to miss. There on deck stood Bill Stearns, calm, collected, and completely sober. People laughed, some were sad, others laid bets as to the outcome. But Bill did not heed them He received his final instructions, and then, with stays'il and jib set, he glided away from the wharf after personally cutting the ropes that held his ship.

After gaining momentum, the fores'il went up, the "Ripple" gathered speed and heeled gently towards the lee side. She headed straight for the channel, and when she reached it, she turned sharply, hoisted up her massive mains'il, and drove for the opening of the harbor. She looked like a white bird with wings outspread gliding along close to the surface of the water. The white sprays could be seen breaking over the clipper bow as she slowly passed out of sight. The crowd stood spellbound as they realized that here was a man who could still handle a ship in a manner which no man present could. Some saluted, some made a silent prayer, but all wished for a safe journey on this errand of mercy.

The "Ripple" plowed along in the ever increasing swell and Captain Bill looked at the sky as he emerged from his bunk and made his way to prove myself worthy of it." to the helm. He shook his head and smiled at the sailor who turned the helm over to him. "Bill, I don't like the looks of this weather. I'd advise turning back. Being a hero is one thing. But going to a certain death with

Bill just smiled. "I started something and I'm going to finish it. Some of those people out there have confidence in me and I'm going

a cargo such as we have is another."

The sailor sighed, and went below. Bill braced himself and set to his task. The salt spray stung his swarthy cheek as he stood at the helm. The ship rolled perilously. It lifted up its bow, paused, and then drove forward into the waiting trough. The ship quivered and groaned and the waves boomed against its sides and then lifted its nose again as if to get a breath of fresh air. The seams of the new boat began to give and a leak was discovered forward. At times the lee rail was under water by more than two feet, a fact which seemed not to concern the captain. The waves struck the side of the boat and then lifted up in a column and came pouring down on deck. Darkness closed in.

Somehow the night passed, and morning found a smooth sea with a rising sun that spread an orange carpet across it. There, lying on that carpet, was a boat. Her two masts were snapped and nothing but stubs remained. Rigging was everywhere, and the ship showed obvious signs of being too weary to go on. It was the "Ripple." At her side, four men were waiting in a boat. At the helm was a

curved figure, bent over the tiller. His face was gaunt and haggard, his hair dishevelled with a beard of two days' growth. But his half-closed eyes stared forward as if searching something in the distance. One of the men was addresing him.

"Come on, Bill, this is your last chance. Don't be a fool, come on and leave that accursed ship."

There was no response from the man at the helm, and he only turned his head when the slap of the oars died in the distance. For hours he stood in that same position. His grip grew weaker and the hot sun baked his body. Sometimes a little breeze hit the jibs and stays'il that the crew had hoisted up on the broken masts, and then the boat picked up a little speed. At other times, it just drifted along with the current.

Suddenly, the half closed eyes widened, his parched lips moved, but no sound came from them. He started forward, but then sat down with a slight curve playing about his lips. Tears rolled down his cheeks, for there in front of him was Hog Island.

The wind freshened and the boat pushed its way along. As she came

closer, Bill could see the people standing on the beach waiting for him—for the great Bill Stearns.

He grew hysterical, as the ship passed the reef and made for the beach. Just before it reached it, Bill left his helm and staggered forward. He walked out to the end of the bowsprit and called out to the people.

"I told ye I'd come, didn't I? Yep, well I did it—any time old Bill don't come through, you just me know..."

He stood there waving his hands and giving forth in his cracked highpitched voice. He grew not only hysterical, but throwing all caution aside, let go of the guard rail. As the boat scraped bottom prematurely, because of its riding low in the water, Bill lost his footing and fell in the path of the oncoming vessel.

Captain Bill Stearns' weak scream was muffled as the boat passed over him and beached on the sand. The people were saved, although their only clues to the ship's identity were the mangled body of an old drunkard and a large blood stain underneath the stern of the ship that was "Launched in Blood."

# Migrations

BY R. G. SHERWIN

Gently sloping, on their way,
Swiftly gliding towards the bay
Came the seagulls wings a-high,
Diving down, then toward the sky.

O'er the rolling waves they fly,
Weary birds against the sky,
Their wings bedecked by dimmer sun,
Low they coast, now one by one.

Toward their isle a course they flew,
Now in flocks, then two by two,
Rising proudly, swooping for prey,
Joyously on their winged way.

The gulls came floating down for rest,
And landed gently in their nest,
Lo! Sunset came as if by call,
And rest presented itself to all.

# Where are Our Ducks?



Crouching in the damp earth of his duck blind, a sharp-eyed old man waited in vain for the sight of a flock of ducks. Hour after hour slipped by with no sign of a bird. Finally, thoroughly disgusted and somewhat puzzled, he left his once fruitful blind. Why had this excellent spot failed him? Why was there such a scarcity of water fowl?

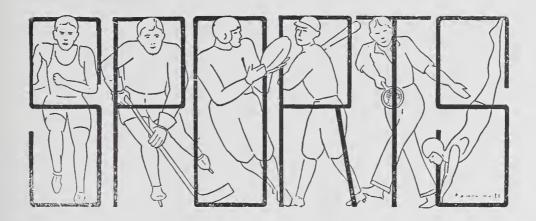
Those questions will be asked by many more hunters in a few years. The present rate of decrease in our wildlife is mounting alarmingly. The situation is ominous and is becoming more and more critical every year.

The last few years have been extremely disastrous for our wildlife. Since the war's end the number of hunters in the fields and forests has almost tripled. On top of that, there has been the greatest decline of history in wildlife during this past year. This has been due to drought, disease, and lack of suitable habitations The Fish and Wildlife Service in woefully undermanned to restrain properly this year's army of 13,000,000 killers from slaughtering the remnants of our fast vanishing wildlife.

What can be done to remedy this situation? There is much that could and has to be done about it. To begin with, ducks need good places in which they can breed, that is, plenty of marshland, water, and, above all, food. The United States and Canada are working in cooperation to build and maintain vast areas of suitable swampland for breeding purposes. However, this is not nearly enough. Similar preservations must be built along their migration routes, that is along the Atlantic coast, in the Mississippi Valley, and down the west coast. Complete protection and an abundant food supply must be assured in these havens. Until ducks are again plentiful strict limits must be placed on a hunter's bag. In the case of the rarer species, shooting must be entirely prohibited.

There is an important element, however, often overlooked by many people. The duck population is no larger than the number that their winter quarters can support. Since they winter largely in southern United States and in the Caribbean area abundant swampland with a plentiful supply of food is needed in these areas. At this time there are not enough marshes to accomodate the desired number of ducks. Therefore, on our list of improvements must be added complete rehabilitation of winter quarters. A scientific study of the evolution of breeding years should be made in order to anticipate years of natural decline. Limits on certain ducks then could be made varying with the good and bad years so as to keep the number of ducks on an even level.

Admittedly to accomplish this task large funds will be needed, nevertheless the preservation of our outdoor life is imperative. In order that no person will have to ask, "Where is our wildlife?" let us dispense with words and commence with action.



# Football

By Joseph Tabrisky

### Latin Outplays Memorial

lore by dissolving a tie midway in the fourth period to gain a 12-6 triumph over Memorial High.

B.L.S. drew first blood by winding up a 70 yard march that started in the first period and finished in the second as "Dick" Walsh with "Enor" Dempsey as the target southpawed Latin to paydirt on a 20 yard downthe-alley pass into the end zone.

On the proceeding kickoff Diminutive "Gene" Binda and his 136 lbs. hustled 88 vards downfield (with excellent blocking paving the way) to score.

The "Purple" gained its well-deserved break in the fourth quarter when "Peaches" Graham recovered a Memorial miscue on their 25 yard stripe. Despite two tallies being recalled on account of "backs in motion" and on

A Latin team showed promise ga- offside, we drove to the one with Walsh chucking to Dempsey. Latin fans then saw the game-clincher when "Lee" Markoff bashed across to make it 12-6.

### Lineups - Latin

Le, Higgins, Wilson; Lt, Barbarisi, Shea; Lg, Mabry; C, Barton; Rg, Capodilupo; Rt, Connors; Re, Dempsey, Skinner; Qb, Walsh; Lhb, Markoff, Powell, Katz; Rhb, Graham; Fb, Prendergast. — Memorial — Le, Merlo, Pepauli; Lt, Ruepison; Lg, Cunningham; C, Goldberg, Rooney; Rg, Keezing, Nee; Rt, Cooper; Re, Haseltine, Pearl, Stein; Qb, Crimmins; Lhb, Rice; Rhb, Binda; Fb, Barry, King.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	0	6	0	6	12
Memorial	0	6	0	0	6

### Commerce Wins a "Heart Breaker"

The dust bowl absorbed Latin's fondest hopes as an inspired Commerce team came up with a tremendous 80 yard forward pass play early in the third stanza to win 7-0.

B.L.S.'s offence got rolling in the second period with a "Bobby" Graham run of 19 yards climaxing a march to the Commerce 26. (a 15 yard penalty called a halt).

The 3rd period brought gloom to our cohorts. After an exchange of punts, Commerce was backed down to its own 19 yard line. Right there, the roof fell in, as a Commerce passer heaved the ball 19 yards to one "Cozy" Cusack who ran the remaining distance into payoff territory. The "point after" passed between the uprights and the score stood 7-0, favor Commerce.

Our team and its single wing offence caught on fire in the fourth

quarter. "Dick" Walsh threw 3 aerials in a row, to "Edds" Dempsey for 7 yards, to "Buddy" Powell for 7 more, and then to "Herb" Katz for 24 yards down to the Commerce 10. But the stop watch caught up to us and the final whistle ended the march.

### Latin - Linup

Re, Dempsey, Skinner, Johnson; Rt, Connors; Rg, Capidilupo; C, Barton; Lg, Mabry; Lt, Barbarisi; Le, Higgins, Wilson; Qb, Walsh; Rhb, Graham, Katz; Lhb, Markoff, Powell; Fb, Prendergast.

### Commerce

Re, Mastricola; Rt, De rucio, Joyce; Rg, Multallum; C, Cuniff; Lt, E. Mahoney, Sprague, Munroe; Lg, Cusack, McConkey; Qb, Cushing; Rhb, Gallagher; Lhb, C. Mahoney; Fb, Kane. LATIN 0 0 0 7 0 0 7 Commerce 2 3 4 **Total** 1



### Latin Ties B. C. High

15,000 fans saw a "night game" in which the purple clawed their way to 7-7 tie, against a favored class B team, B.C. High.

In today's dust storm a short punt nearly became our undoing, for it enabled B. C. High to put the ball in play on the Latin 34. "Dick" Doyle, B. C. back, scored from our 6 yard line after slamming through right guard on 3 successive plays. "Dick" Noone converted.

In the 3rd period the Eaglets returned our earlier favor by booting poorly. Our "Alma Mater" had the ball on the 39. "Joe" Prendergast set up the Latin tally by galloping 27 yards to the B. C. 12. "Lee" Markoff and Prendergast alternated in advancing the ball to the 4 yard marker from where Markoff obliged by cracking over to post us within shooting distance of a deadlock. "Buzz" Barton tied it up with a perfect placement.

The fire department attempted to water the Fen's down before game time and ended up by nearly making it a skating rink. This was one place where one could stand in ankle deep mud and still get dust in his eyes.

### Latin - Lineup

Le, Higgins; Lt, Barbarisi, Shea; Lg, Mabry; C, Barton; Rg, Capodilupo; Rt, Connors; Re, Dempsey, Johnson, Skinner, Wilson; Qb, Walsh; Lhb, Markoff; Rhb, Katz; Fb, Prendergast.

### B. C. High

Le, Driscoll; Lt, Foley, Keefe; Lg, Connors, Cummings; C, Fallon; Rg, Patten, Welch; Rt, McGouldrick; Re, Donovan, Morton; Qb, Pleva; Lhb, Meany, Heffernan; Rhb, Doyle, Moone; Fb, Schultz, Cussen.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	0	0	7	0	7
B.C. High	7	0	0	0	7

### Latin Wins on Tech Fumble

Boston Latin posted a 7-0 victory by driving 45 yards, following, an interception in the 3rd period. The purple "Kalsomined" Tech with "Lee" Markoff a hard running star. He carried across on a snappy deception with a half spinner which found him driving through a big gap in the centre for better than 10 yards to pay dirt.

In the second period, Markoff let loose by featuring a 45 yard drive into enemy territory. It was stopped by a fumble, Tech recovering.

Little "Peaches" Graham nearly broke clear in the 3rd quarter by sprinting 18 yards to the mid-stripe. There Markoff reeled off 17, but an enemy lineman dropped on a fumble at the 10 to halt our try for a score. Then "Ron" Couzens of Technical

made the best run of the day, a 30 varder, to near midfield.

B.L.S. got its first break when "Dick" Walsh intercepted an aerial. We began to eat up yardage with a push that was interrupted only once, when "Joe" Prendergast punted to the 5. "Herb" Katz came up with a costly Tech fumble on the 15, and it was then that Markoff scored. "Buzz" Barton kicked the extra point and the game stood 7-0.

### Latin - Lineup

Le, Johnson; Lt, Connors; Lg, Shea; C, Barton; Rg, Mabry; Rt, Barbarisi, Wilson; Qb, Walsh; Lhb, Markoff; Rhb, Prendergast; Fb, Katz.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	0	0	7	0	7
Tech	0	0	0	0	0

### St. Marks Smothers Purple

The "Saints made us little angels as a powerful St. Mark's unit went on a 3 touchdown scoring spree in the second period. They coasted to an easy 26-6 victory over our eleven in racking up 338 yards gained rushing and 13 first downs.

The "Saints" cashed in on some snappy deception plays led by "John" Barnard who tallied twice. Barnard scored on a 2 yard plunge and a 30 yard dash offtackle. "Greg" Kolligian raced 36 yards for the 3rd successive touchdown.

Fullback "Ned" Callun smashed over from the 2 yard line to cap a 72 yard march in the 3rd quarter and end the St. Mark's scoring at 26 points.

In the 4th, the purple took to the air in an attempt to avert a shutout.

"Herb" Katz completed 3 consecutive passes, with a minute left. Markoff bucked across from the 3 to make it 26-6.

### Latin - Lineup

Le, Wilson; Lt, Barbarisi; Lg, Mabry; C, Barton; Rg, Capodilupo; Rt, Wolff; Re, Johnson; Qb, Walsh; Lhb, Prendergast; Rhb, Katz; Fb, Markoff.

### St. Mark's

Le, Aldred; Lt, Pitts; Lg, Saunders; C, Richards; Rg, Harder; Rt, Cottrell; Re, Decoen; Qb, Schwab; Lhb, Barnard; Rhb, G. Kolligian; Fb, Gallun.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	0	0	0	6	6
St. Mark's	0	20	6	0	26

### Dorchester Dominates Latin

Entering the game B.L.S. held second place in the Boston Conference, English possessing top rung. This afternoon English felt secure in leading the pack as Latin suffered an ignominious defeat at the hands of Dorchester 13-0. Some 5000 fans attended the "Armistice Day" doubleheader at Brayes Field.

The first period score by Dorchester's halfback, Milcho, who charged 28 yards for a touchdown, sewed up the game for the boys in red. They rubbed salt in our wounds when Larry Bushy slammed over after a 45 yard pass play in the fourth quarter.

Latin tried desperately to tally in the warning moments of the game. Our Katz and Prendergast threw passes in a vain effort to score. Although the passes were completed, time ended this Latin surge.

### Latin - Lineup

Le, Wilson, Dempsey, Graham; Lt, Barbarisi; Lg, Kent, Lynch; C, Barton; Rg, Capodilupo; Rt, Connors; Re, Johnson, Dempsey; Qb, Powell, Walsh; Lhb, Markoff; Rhb, Graham, Katz; Fb, Monafo, Prendergast.

### Dorchester

Le, Ryan, MacDonald; Lt, Houghton; Lg, Heliotis, J. Smith; C, Condon, Crowley, Marshall; Rg, Donegan; Rt, McGrath, McLay; Re, Cahill, McLay; Qb, Bushey, Padden; Lhb, Milane, Marshall; Rhb, Lee; Fb, Lester, P. Smith.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	0	0	0	0	0
Dorch.	7	0	0	6	13

### Latin Sparkles Against Trade

A plucky Latin team minus the services of Captain "Mike" Mabry, "Dick" Walsh and Coach "Charley" Fitzgerald, came back in the 2nd half to whip Trade 18-13.

B.L.S. racked up a score in the opening stanza when "Lee" Markoff went over from the 2 yard line after setting up a touchdown with a 25 yard run.

Little "Fancy Steps" Crosby of Trade knotted the score by gathering the pass on our 20 and dashing the rest of the way.

The purple gained its lead in the 2nd period. "Herb" Katz chucked to "Ed" Dempsey for a 25 yards and a first down on the Trade 10. The same combination connected in the next play "Ed" Dempsey nonchalantly catching a pass in the end zone as the Trade players stood motionless when the linesman blew his horn for an offside.

A good Trade eleven nearly upset the apple-cart by taking a one point lead before the end of the half. "Eddie" Ivanoski fell over the goal after grasping a 20 yard pass. "Jess" Bragg rushed for the point and the score was 13-12, favor Trade.

B. L. S. got the clincher in the 3rd period when Katz threw a 10 yard pass to "Paul" Wilson who caught the ball at the 50 and threaded his way through half the Trade eleven.

A Trade man nearly made the play of the year when he intercepted a pass in the first half, got confused and ran 10 yards towards his own goal before his teammates tackled him.

### Latin - Lineup

Le, Katz, Wilson, Lake, Lt, Barbarisi; Lg, Kent, Miller; C, Barton; Rg, Capodilupo, Konigsberg; Rt, Connors Rt, Dempsey; Qb, Powell; Lhb, Markoff, Taylor, Skinner; Rhb, Graham; Fb, Prendergast, Sullivan.

### Trade School

Le, Ivanoski, Gill; Lt, Patterson; Lg, Gaudreau, Merlonghi; C, Chapman, Bazner; Rg, Gamgemi; Rt, Gill; Re, Rauseo, Ivanoski; Qb, Gagnon, Gill; Lhb, Russ; Rhb, Crosby, Gill; Fb,

Trade 6 7 0 0 13 LATIN 6 6 6 0 18



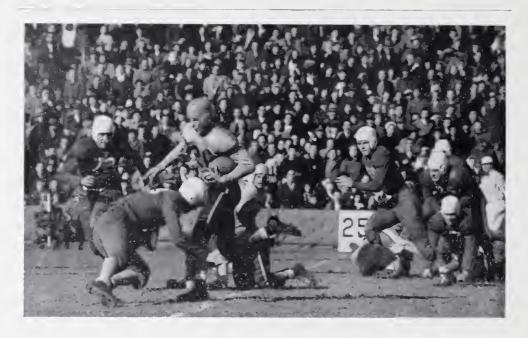






Latin 12 — Memorial 6
Latin 0 — Commerce 7
Latin 7 — B.C. High 7
Latin 7 — Technical 0
Latin 6 — St. Mark's 26
Latin 18 — Trade 13
Latin 0 — Dorchester 13
Latin 13 — English 26





English Defeats Stubborn Latin

A crowd of 24,000 jammed Harvard Stadium to witness the 60th game of the English-Latin classic struggle, perhaps the greatest of the nation's schoolboy games.

The title of Boston Conference stood "ready for the picking" to the winner. English being in a receptive mood was crowned king by virtue of a 26-13 victory after cashing in on some heart-rending breaks.

Our "Purple" went to town on a 78 yard march at the start with "Lee"

Markoff, all-star back, lugging the leather for about half that yardage. The Latin line helped drive English back to the 2 yard stripe where "Lee" bucked over.

Following "Mike" Mabry's kick the game stood 7-0 and B.L.S. demonstrated itself as no pushover. However E.H.S. roared back to post 2 touchdowns. The first was the result of a questionable free ball which was recovered by English after a punt. Dell'Orfano, the Blue and Blue Captain, streaked over on a quarterback sneak. The 2nd T. D. came after a

Latin trick play (fake pass extreme) backfired bestowing English with the ball and an ensuring score, Mr. Dell'-Orfano doing the honors.

Right from the offset of the 2nd half B.L.S. couldn't stop "Bill" Jennings, a swivel hipped lad who provided the impetus along with Brosnahan, Karys, Dell'Orfano and Co, to hand English the winning touchdowns. "Kris" Karys, an old Latin boy, tallied a brace to make the score 26-7.

"Lee" Markoff joined the two English backs as one of the double scorers of hte day by cutting through center behind good interference and outracing opposition 57 yards to paydirt. This and the 54 yard sprint the Junior speedster ran earlier in the game had the fans cheering themselves hoarse.

"Buzz" Barton was a tower of strength as a line backer throughout the game, but he had nothing on "Bill" Monafo, a boy with a remarkable talent to diagnose where the ball is going. As usual Captain "Mike" despite being covered by two English linemen played quite a game along with "Peaches" Graham who showed some fine downfield blocking. Other standouts were "Pete" Capodilupo and "Charlie" Connor.

As a point in passing "Tommy" Kent was one of the three linemen who had started the 1946 "Turkey Day" contest to have remained on the '47 team. Unfortunately he was handicaped by an injury and donated his services as a spotter to the WNAC sports announcer.

### English - Lineup

Eisenstadt, J. Murphy, T. Murphy, Griffin, Lc; Savino, McGourty, Wong, Adell, Lt; Semans, MackMasters, Cucarelli, Heffernan, Lg; Limoncello, Butera, DeGiacomo, C; Giordano, Pastman, Brooks, Rg; Ridini, Covabucci, Rt; Shawers, T. Murphy, Re; Dell'Orfano, Tukna, Ponlos, Atsales, Qb; Brosmaker, DiBlasi, Harrison, Lhb; Jennings, Sylvester, Howe, Powell, Rhb; Karys, Waters, Finneran, Regan, Fb.

### Latin - Lineup

Johnson, Wilson, Skinner, Re; Barbarisi, Wolff, Alanardo, Rt; Capodilupo, Konigsberg, Rg; Barton, O'Brien, Berg, C; Mabry, Alanardo, Lg; Connors, Shea, O'Connell, Lt; Dempsey, Lake, Irons, Le; Monafo, Kelly, Walsh, Qb; Markoff,, Powell, Lhb; Graham, R. Sullivan, Rhb, Katz, J. Sullivan, Taylor, Prendergast, Fb.

	1	2	3	4	Total
LATIN	7	0	0	6	13
English	6	7	13	0	26



# Our Jayvee Champions

### Oct. 6—Latin Routs Tech

On Oct. 6 the B.L.S. Jayvee football team opened the season against Boston Technical. Because of the ineligibility of some of our boys for the Varsity, the J.V. was greatly strengthened for its first game. From the opening kickoff, it was apparent that Latin was the better team on the field, and Tech went down, 18-0. The game was featured by the hard play of the line and the two touchdowns scored by Monafo. Buckley scored the third touchdown, to make the final score 18-0.

### Oct. 14—Latin Continues to Roll

The power of Latin's Junior Varsity again asserted itself today, as Jamaica Plain went down 19-7. "Wild Bill" Monafo again scored two touchdowns, while "Buddy" Powell scored the other one. "Tom" Kent, who played a great game defensively, kicked one extra point in three attempts.

### Oct. 20—Trade Overwhelmed, 24-0

"Dave" Kelly saw action for the first time today, and his play was nothing short of terrific. He threw two touchdown passes, one to Lake and the other to Buckley, and scored a third touchdown himself on an end run. Taylor scored the final touchdown on a buck through the line.

### Nov. 10-Latin Edges Memorial, 6-0

In one of the closest games of the season, B.L.S. edged out Roxbury Memorial on the very last play of the game. Buckley scored the winning touchdown, to give the Purple and White a well-deserved victory.

### Nov. 17—English Defeated, 12-6

To close a highly successful and undefeated season, the Latin Jayvees

came back strongly in the second half today, to edge English High School. With the score 6-0 in favor of English at the end of the first half, Coaches Lambert and McCarthy gave the boys a pep talk in between halves, and they were rewarded by the inspired play of the team. "Bob" Irons tied the score, when he dove into the English end zone to recover a fumble. The winning touchdown came when "Dave" Kelly threw a perfect screen pass to Taylor, who ran about thirty yards more to score the touchdown.

\_\_0\_

This was a glorious year for the Latin Jayvee, and the best tribute that can be paid to them is that their teamwork was superor to any other Jayvee squad in the city. The blocking was excellent, the tackling hard, and the running and passing almost on a par with the varsity.

"Tom" Kent was a tiger on the defense, and he and "Fred" Lake were the steadying influence on the team. "Arky" Konigsberg proved himself a "mountain" on defense, while McNally, O'Brien, Irons, Wolff, Lynch, Miller, Kane and Shea all played very well in the line.

In the backfield, Monafo and Buckley were standouts all season, while "Dave" Kelly's quarterbacking was excellent. Taylor and the two Sullivans also contributed more than their share towards the success of the team. "Terry" White also was a standout, because of his excellent kicking.

It was a great team, a credit to the school, to the players and to the coaching ability of Mr. Lambert and Mr. McCarthy.

# **Basketball**

This year, Coach Patten will have a fairly difficult job in molding together a team which will be up to the standards of last year's champonship quintet. Only six boys are returning this year from last year's fifteen man A squad or varsity. Because of this several boys will be called up from last year's Junior Varsity and it is to be hoped that the mixture will prove successful.

The only regular returning from last year's team is captain-elect "Fran" Collins. Collins is the tallest man in the squad, and the big center is one of the best in the city in controlling the back-boards. Another aid to this year's team is "Dick" Walsh, who is playing for his third year. "Dick" ranked sixth in team scoring last year, just behind the five starters. His experience and sharp-shooting ability makes him a very dangerous threat on a basket-ball court.

"Ed" Sullivan, who was so highly regarded by Coach Patten, that he was put on the varsity in his first year, will be back to try to gain the first string berth, as will "Tom" Dowd, the flashy red-head, who will be back for his third and last year for Latin School. Dowd didn't see much action last year, but he will probably be in there quite a bit during the coming season, because of his experience. The other two members of last year's varsity, who are returning, are "Charlie" Skinner and "Charlie MacLeod, both of whom are guards, MacLeod is the more experienced of the two, and his performance in the Tech Tourney will long be remembered by Latin School Basketball fans.

The most promising of the Jayvees are Jim Walsh, Doherty, E. Collins, Manishin, Bertale, Maserve and Wood. These are the members of the varsity mentioned above, besides the boys who are going out for basketball for the first time, may give Latin School its second successive championship. To quote Coach Patten, "No matter how many they lose, the boys will be fighting for every game."

# Schedule

Jan. 6	Charlestown High	at	Latin
<b>J</b> an. 8	Jamaica Plain High	at	Latin
Jan. 13	East Boston High	at	Boston Garden
Jan. 15	Boston Technical	at	Latin
<b>J</b> an. 20	Roxbury Memorial	at	Latin
Jan. 23	Roslindale High	at	Roslindale
<b>J</b> an. 26	Boston College High	at	Latin
<b>J</b> an. 30	Brighton High	at	Latin
Feb. 3	South Boston High	at	South Boston
Feb. 5	Commerce High	at	Boston Garden
Feb. 9	Brandeis Vocational	at	Latin
Feb. 13	Dorchester High	at	Boston Garden
Feb. 16	Hyde Park High	at	Hyde Park
Feb. 20	Boston Trade High	at	Latin
Mar. 2	English High	at	Boston Garden

# Hockey

This year, Coach Lambert will have no ltss than ten lettermen returning from last year's hockey team. The Purple and White sextet defeated English in the last game last year, and since the squad is practically the same, Latin School might well be called the team to beat in 1948.

Last year's first line will return intact, with "Al" Stein, who is playing for his third year, centering for "Gene" Higgins and "Joe" Crehan. These three were all standouts last season, and they will be bolstered by a second line which has "Tom" Kent centering for "Leo" Maguire

and "Joe" Stevens.

At defense, holdovers from last year include "Bill" Monafo, who was ineligible most of last season, "Joe" Connolly, "Charlie" Connors and "Al" Quirk. The only first string player who is not returning is "Goalie" Sullivan, who has transferred to Hyde Park High School. His position will probably be filled by either "Alty" Altmeyer or "Fred" Lake.

Let's hope that the team has a good season and rewards Coach Lambert's tireless efforts by finishing near the top of the league standing. On paper, at least, they look good enough to do just that.

### THTOBING

FRENCH, LATIN and other High School Subjects Reasonable Rates Remedial Individual Instruction at Your Home

### Edwin F. Trueman

AB., AM. Tel. AV 2-5983

# ARCARO BROS.

Dress Clothes for Sale

128 Summer Street Boston, Mass.

# EDITORALS

# There will be a Meeting ...

The aim of every Latin School boy is to get into a good college. Nowadays the colleges can have as many scholars as they want. But they desire, above all, boys who can get good marks and be active club members too. Being an active club member has proven and will prove an important factor in determining whether a boy gets into college.

Not only is club work a stepping stone to college but also a constant source of satisfaction and joy to you and your family. Who knows what future accomplishments can blossom from the well-planted seeds of high school activity? Many inspiring youths have become sources of pride and joy to their families as well as to themselves.

Strong characters, straight thinkers, and vibrant personalities are moulded and tempered on the forges of club enthusiasm. The good qualities formed by active participation, prepare you for the battle of life—the contest which demands the highest endeavors of all. The art of getting along with people is an invaluable asset to anyone. There is no surer method of learning teamwork and the art of human relatons than being active in clubs.

# Man Overboard

We, the class of '49, have set sail on the good ship "B.L.S." for the port called "Senior Year." Two hundred and eight of our former shipmates have been washed overboard; no doubt, many of the remaining two hundred and fifty six came perilously close to a similar fate and this trip will bring more casualties.

Let us take heed, therefore, of the perils that beset us: The course is rough (you know that by now). The waves (in the form of tests) come often, rise high, and hit hard, leaving us exhausted. There are pirate ships manned by cruel masters who seek to take us over and scuttle our ship.

It's true there will be some calm seas and clear sailing during our voyage. These will come in the form of vacation periods. Ah!. blessed lull!

What can we do to help us weather the storm? Well, we can pray to our guardian angels, carry our rabbits' feet, wear our life-preservers- take our vitamin pills, keep on the look out, - and we may even find it necessary, as a last resort, to study.

Above all, don't worry. Remember the old Chinese proverb: "To what purpose should a person throw himself into the water before the boat is wrecked?" Translated into the vernacular that means, "Don't leave for English High until you have to."

# Europe Today

At the first meeting of the Modern History Club, Leverett Campbell III, a very brilliant and widely traveled student from Harvard, gave a brief resume of his trip to the Youth's Seminar in Europe this summer.

Throughout the journey, the most evident sign of the defeat and desolation present over the entire continent was the desperate poverty of the people. They are morose and heavily burdened. Starvation is ever present and the actions of the conquerors are not excessively sympathetic to this forlorn conditon. Only a negligible number of public buildings and utilities have been restored to the This fact makes life public's use. for the people even more complicated. Besides being only scantily supplied with lodgings and clothing, the Europeans are sorely in need of food, especially meat. Little if any meat is available: real cattle is nowhere to be found; and other animals such as horses and the like, are very insufficient to meet the urgent needs of Europe. Moreover, these animals, if they are not slaughtered and sold for human consumption, are starving to death for the lack of grain. Between the lean beasts on the streets and the emaciated human forms beside them. the sight is very dismal and almost terrifying in what consequence it suggests.

These hardships are overpowering and tend towards a complete failure in reconstruction on the continent. Amid this depresive havoc and appaling disintegration, many ruthless men are still turning the circumstances to their own profit. This lack of cooperation, worse than that, this planned undermining, prevents real progress in reestablishing the nations. Moreover, the children of

these defeated peoples present a grave problem which is not given the proper attention. The schools are almost non existent, and what has hastily been scraped together can not possibly satisfy the needs of the people. Therefore, without any proper supervision, the children are fast becoming hoodlums and vandals. Some of the facts are so unbelievable that they would completely stun the reader who has never come to know the meaning of poverty and violent upheaval as runs rampant through the already ravaged Europe. This deplorable fact too indicates that Europe will for a long time yet remain the sore spot of our turbulent globe. No hasty decision can dispense with her pressing problems. Extreme foresight must be employed in our judge-

The last place Mr. Campell mentioned was Germany. Here, he was amazed to find that the arrogant Germans still firmly cling to their totalitarian ideals of world domination. It seems an almost impossible task to demonstrate to this stubborn race that their belligerent nation and their fascists philosophies can not and will not prevail over the democratic forms of government. Most Gemans are inexorable in their views and believe from their distorted outlook on life that a German soldier can out-man euver and out-fight an American soldiers any time and anywhere. Twice we have forcibly demonstrated this wrong, and twice Germany has refused to recognize the truth.

Besides this relentless adherence to their ideals, the Germans, and sad to say this is true of all Europe, block their own rehabilitation by continually betraying the confidence our administrators place in some of their

citizens. Each time our attempts to trust the men of these countrys have been foiled by disloyalty and treachery on the part of the men we placed in public positions. The situation is disheartening and portends an impending collapse of our well meant efforts. All the people subject to us in Europe bitterly despise us and what we stand for. They have soon forgotten Hitler and his mad comrades in crime and have turned against their liberators. Americans in Europe do not even dare to go beyond their front doors after the sun has set; for, who knows that he may not be victim to a sudden knife thrust. So frequent has this become that the authorities have restricted the Americans to a limited guarded area.

Yet amid this discouraging news there is one fact that says there is still hope left — as slight as it may be. At the seminar, our students lived together with the poverty stricken students of Europe. Each interchanged knowledge with the other and all harmonized in this greatly diversified gathering. Much satisfactory discussion of the situation was had and everybody left feeling that perhaps through themselves and similar organizations, a future revision of war torn Europe might be visualized. This is the sort of thing that may some day make manifest the visions of the few who can put aside international controversies and who are willing to sacrifice themselves to better their fellow men.

# Paul's shoes for men and young men

6.95 - 8.95 - 12.95

Rugged Scotch Grains or Cordovan.

Thick Rubber, Crepe or Leather
Soles

26 Kneeland Street

Boston





# Our Lords and Masters



RALPH EDMUND WELLINGS . . . teaches Health Ed. and Science in 331 . . . Born in Roxbury . . . Resides in Dorchester . . . Graduated B.C. High '16 . . . A.B., A.M. and B.S., Boston College . . . Ed.M. Boston Teachers' College . . . First Lt., army infantry '18 . . . Played semi-pro baseball . . . Teaches Chemistry at Lincoln Tech . . . Married . . . has two children . . . Hobbies: Analytical Chemistry and Astrophysics . . . Thinks highly of B.L.S. and hopes to teach Physics or Chemistry here . . . Matter ''lf you want to kill time work it to death.'' Motto: "If you want to kill time, work it to death."

RALPH EDMUND WELLINGS . . . teaches Health

PAUL EDWARD PARTRIDGE . . . teaches Latin in 129 . . . Born in Boston . . . Resides in South Boston . . . Graduated B.L.S. '33 . . . A.B., Boston College '37 . . . Ed.M., Boston Teachers' College '38 . . . on tennis team and active in operation of ham radio station at B.C... Did graduate work in radio at B.U... Served on destroyers in Atlantic and Pacific as radar and sonar specialist '42-'45 . . . Married . . . has one child . . . Enjoys teaching here . . . Advice to Latin School boys "Always keep your





JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH . . . teaches math in 328 ... Born and resides in Dorchester ... Graduated B. C. High '23 ... A.B., B. C. '27 ... On debating team there . . . Graduated Harvard Business School '28 . . . 4 yrs. on faculty of School of Commerce and Finance, St. Louis University . . . Does public accounting . . . Hobbies: mechanics and travelling ... Is impressed by our spirit of cooperation ... Motto: "There is no substitute for steady work."



Once again a new year, and for the third year since the wartime interruption, Latin School's ninteen odd clubs and organizations will help students by stimulating their interests and developing their talents. Whether you enjoy the mental dexterity of chess or the manual dexterity of building model planes, there is a club for your interest. Keep with us through each Register issue and follow the progress of Latin School events.

During the week of October 15 historic and patriotic data were distributed in the classrooms in anticipation of the Freedom Train's visit to Boston. The train bears the priceless documents of democracy to which Latin School graduates made such important contributions.

The appointment of a member of the senior class to represent the school at the Rotary Club was recently announced. The delegate for 1947-1948 is Andrew Dorr (301).

On Sept. 17, classes I and II attended the first assembly of the year to commemorate Constitution Day. Mr. Pearson, new head of the History Department, delivered a talk on the permanence and elasticity of the Constitution. The wisdom of our forefathers as evidenced by this document was particularly stressed.

Probably no other club in the school has received as little attention as the Chess Club. Yet if you were to walk into a meeting in 212 some Thursday afternoon, you would find a veritable beehive of activity. Work in the form of intra-club playoffs has begun to prepare the way for the years many tournaments. The Officers: Norman Milgram (303) President; David Yphantis (307) Vice-President; Rcbert Resnick (335) Secretary; and Edwin Masters (307) Treasurer, form the core of a team that has pulverized a strong group of Cambridge Latin pawn-pushers, 9-1. If this victory is indicative of future matches with other schools, B.L.S. will retain the conveted championship. Good luck, chessmen.

If anyone doubts the interest of Latin School boys in current events. they need only come to a meeting of the Modern History Club on alternate Wednesdays in 206. At each session, approximately one hundred members of the Junior and Senior classes hear reports from the centers of world interest and discuss international problems. Mr. Leverett Campbell and Mr. Donald Watt, students of government recently returned from Europe, have reported respectively on the threat of communism in Austria and on the recent French elections. Future meetings will include informal talks by officials

of our city, state, and national government. Officers for this year are: Geoffrey Paul (335) President; Shaun Burns (303) Vice-President; Norman Milgram (303) Secretary; and Richard McCabe (303) Treasurer. Mr. Pearson serves ably as faculty advisor.

Junor Achievements is looking for new recruits. A Vice-President of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston outlined J. A.'s program to an attentive audience on Oct. 20 Arnold Wilson and Francis Doherty, both members of Class I exhibited their respective company's products. If you are interested in organizing a small business, write Mr. Spang of the Gillette Safety Razor Company in Boston.

For something new in radio entertainment—tune in WHDH on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday afternoons. The program is entitled "Get That Story". Delegates from Boston high school literary staffs interview celebrities and compete for cash awards Register delegates are: Merrill Goldwyn (301); Leonard Greenbaum (307); Norman Milgram (303); Geoffrey Paul (335); and Myron Solberg (301).

Elections for the various class officers took place on Oct. 27 after weeks of speech-making, cartoon-drawing, promises and other paraphenalia of a political campaign. Responsible for keeping the class together in later years will be President Collins, Vice-President Powell, Sec. Treas. Bernardi, and Class Committeemen Quirk, Burris, Clinton, Greenbaum, Hewes, and Tobin.

## WHY FAIL?

Get Expert Help Now
LATIN - MATHEMATICS - FRENCH

# Central Jutoring Bureau

Telephone HIghlands 5-1556

# PRISCILLA ALDEN

189 HARVARD STREET, BROOKLINE, MASS.

The Home of
DISTINCTIVE BAKING and
DISTINCTIVE ICE CREAM



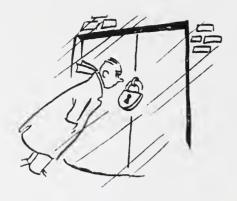
D.LYONS W. MOGAN

- Sept. 11 A cry of joy arose from the B. L. S. sub-cellars to-day as seventy odd men were released from three months in chains. They were given new branding irons, a full supply of red ink, and, if they promised to be real vicious, were allowed to return to their class-rooms.
- Sept. 12 'Tis only the second day of school, but cheer up!

  Just 66 more days till the Christmas vacation.
- Sept. 15 Notice: No boy is pemitted to leave the school grounds during school hours without first convincing the master the show is a good one.
- Sept. 16 Today the boys were asked to remind their parents that the office will not deliver personal messages. The only exception to this rule is a death in the family, in which case the body must be presented to the office before the message is delivered.
- Sept. 18 Today the same old firedrill rules were issued. Briefly they state that, in case of fire, boys must remain stationary and quiet until the faculty and Class I have left the building.

- Sept. 23 Today the school had the annual "achievement test." Achieved: An early dismissal.
- Sept. 24 Any article you find, and don't need, should be turned into the custodian under Room 135.
- Sept. 25 In this school, whistling is a violation of the law.

  Most boys whistle only when they're happy, which is also a violation.
- Sept. 30 There will be absolutely **no** exception to a complete white uniform in phys. ed. Furthermore, all boys with black hair will be censured.
- Oct. 1 Overheard in the drill-hall
  Captain: "Your reports
  should be written so that
  even the most ignorant
  can under stand them."
  First Sergeant: "Why,
  what part don't you understand?"
- Oct. 2 Gad. "The Register" costs \$1.60 this year. Oh, well, we figure this column is worth every scent.
- Oct. 7 Spying a student swinging down the corridors on crutches, a friend whispered to the R. R. R. "Gad another of Mr. Carroll's physics experiments has failed."



- Oct. 7 Today's notice: Hereafter the doors will not be opened until 8:15 A.M., except on stormy days, when the windows will be opened at 8:10.
- Oct. 8 Don't be suprised if one o' these days you see a picture of Steve Bernardi on your dollar bill.
- Oct. 9 In a Latin Class:
  Teacher: Young man, you
  can't sleep in my class."
  Pupil: "I could, sir, if you
  would stop talking."
- Oct. 13 And now just a word or two about ol' Columbus. History claims he spent some years in prison. But B. L. S. wasn't founded until 1635.
- Oct. 15 Overheard in class (won't say which one):
  Teacher: "There are so many noisy interruptions, I can hardly hear myself speak."
  Kid behind me: "Well you aren't missing much."
- Oct. 20 A B. L. S. teacher was seen on the street-car to-day offering an elderly lady his seat on the the condition that she hold his brief case.
- Oct. 22 Notice: Boys are reminded that running, especially on the stairways, is strictly forbidden. Masters have

been requested to trip anyone violating this law.

- Oct. 23 Attention please Smoking is not permitted in any part of this building. Please do not light your cigarette until you reach the street. The street is Atlantic Avenue.
- Oct. 24 Today Classes III, II, and I, went to the assembly concerning the "Junior Achievement." The boys applauded a fellow-senior Arnold Wilson, for his skill in delivering a wonderful speech, and for his extra-curricular activity with the microphone.
- Oct. 27 Elections today: Those fel-
- Oct. 28 Yippee they won. Congrats go to Frannie, Bud, Steve, Al, Harry, Lennie, Stan, Paul and Bunny.
- Oct. 29 Overheard in the lunchroom:
  Student: "I'm so hungry,
  I could eat a horse."
  Miss Sullivan: "Good\_\_
  that's what you're getting
  for lunch today."
- Oct. 31 Now remember, fellers. Latin Schoolers never misbehave on Hallowcen. You too, teachers.
- Nov. 4 So expensive were the rings for their fingers, seniors also expected a few bells for their toes.



# PEBBLE STOME

# Says -- Take It From Me

(WHILE NEAL O'HARA ISN'T LOOKI NG)

TODAYS QUIZ FOR LATIN SCHOOL SHARKS: 1. If Bud Fisher draws Mutt and Jeff, who draws Joe Palooka? 2. In what field is Cornelius McGillicuddy eminent? 3. Who, what and where is "Birling"?

(The answers you'll find somewhere below)

My dear, pull up a tack. Not that anyone cares, but why is Boston one of the few cities in the country where they still use the individual chair and desk set for its students (It's no fun sticking three feet of legs under a two foot desk).---Those boys who go through Latin School without joining any clubs or engaging in sports will have their difficulties in getting The School has twenty two extra-curricular activities and into college eight athletic teams ... (every school activity is sponsored except hookey)---Todays favorite gag: Father: "Well son, you flunked that course again". Son: "Well what did you expect? They gave me the same exam."---(The former was stolen from a book by Mr. O'Hara)---The Latin School cafeteria is the only one we know that serves soup with a thimble and peas with tweezers---Something should be done about the lockers---too many are broken and the rest haven't any keys---Thoughts while gloating over the fuzz on my upper lip. 1. A member of the faculty has made a suggestion that the annual "Class Day" be taken out of the auditorium and moved to a picnic area. The program would have the faculty play the Latin Varsity Baseball team, tug of wars, races, and everyone would have a good time---Why not? 2. Latin Schools football teams average 20 pounds lighter and two years younger than all the other Boston Schools. (Two years later they play for English) (I guess we'll have to beat 'em 3. If you'll look around you, you'll notice to death with our brains) many doornobs are missing. What would anyone won't to do with them except paint them and sell them for all-day suckers. . . Coach "Charlie" Fitzgerald is after a new ball point pen that will write under ink----Answer to today's quiz: No. 1. Ham Fisher draws the comic strip "Joe Palooka" No. 2. Connie Mack, as he is sometimes called is the manager of the Philadelphia Athletics of the American Baseball League No. 3. "Birling", if anyone is interested, is log-rolling.

If the long victory garden on the Simmons side of the school was removed, the purple and white gridsters could have a fine football field---Trying to earn money? Take up baby sitting and do your homework at the same time---The government is still urging boys to buy savings bonds and stamps. But in most schools the sales average zero---One member of the Latin School faculty is of the opinion that literature could reach new bounds if water coolers were installed in every desk of the study halls,---Answers to correspondents:

R.S.L. West Roxbury --- No, thanks

E.H.S. East Boston --- Why not try studying

B.S.K. Brookline --- Did you say, "Goldenvoiced"?



CUMMINGS
ARENA
GOLDBERG
CARP
FOLEY
KRAMER
LINCOLN
ELWOOD
BOCHES
SHEARS
GRANT
GRIGAS
GROSSMAN
BUTILER
HERMAN
CAVALINO
ROSENGARD
FIELD
RINGER
BLOOD
MACKAY
135

Mr. Campbell and

Mr. Miller
Oliver
Miller
Mackay
135

Mr. Campbell and

Mr. Miller
Consaln
Oliver
Miller
GReco
Anthes
betinate
dd and
devous
akheads
f 299
vertly
verestimate
urselves
ffering you our
Sincere Christmas Greetings and
wishing you all a joyous and Happy
New Year.

CUMMINGS
SHEARS
TITLEBAUM
JOSEPH
PALERMO
BARRY
LINDAHL
MENZ
SULLIVAN
SINGER

COLEY
WILLIVAN
SINGER
SHUSTEN
JOSEPH
PALERMO
BARRY
LINDAHL
MENZ
SULLIVAN
SINGER

COLEY
FOLEY
GROSSMAN
SINGER
SHEARS
TITLEBAUM
JOSEPH
PALERMO
BARRY
LINDAHL
MENZ
SULLIVAN
SINGER

COHEN
Shapiro
Shapiro
Shapiro
Stevens
Wanson
STevens
Miller
Francisco
Rosenthal
SheA Curtiss
Nason Donoran
Ellis
Scarle
Francisco
Rosenthal
SheA Curtiss
Nason Donoran
BinDer CoMperchio

# A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR MASTERS FROM

**ROOM 502** 

To all our masters the best of cheer

And also our hopes that we'll pass this year
In Rooms 208, 311, 216, 224, and 133,

A very Merry Christmas we know it will be.

Xmas
Greetings!
Good Luck!
Good Fun!
Good Health!
And a cheer for a Happy New Year
ROOM 218

SERVICE SERVICES SERV

Christmas comes but once a year,
To all the world we wish good cheer,
A New Year greeting is the best,
But to 329 at B. L. S.
It only means a good long rest,
To our masters all, we give our cheer,
For smarter pupils through the year,
Our marks are red, our spirits blue,
We'll try quite hard to stumble through.

ROOM 329

TREALER CARREST CONTRACTOR CONTRA

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year from

**ROOM 108** 

A
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
From the Boys of
ROOM 104

A Merry Christmas to
Messrs. Dolan, Powers,
Weitzman, Galline, Lohrer,
and Kennedy
from the Boys of 204

Vere Festi Dies Apud Sollemnia Christi Niatus Perque Annum Novum Vobis Omnibus Sint.

CONCLAVE CXIX

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year from

ROOM 114

Christmas Greetings
to
Col. O'Leary
and all Our Masters
from
The Scholars of 211

A joyous Christmas to be remembered throughout the year is extended to you cordially from all of us here.

THE PARTY WAS IN THE WAS THE W

**ROOM 216** 

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from

**ROOM 207** 

ENDERGY FOUR RELEASE FOR THE PROPERTY OF THE P

To all their teachers and to those

To all their teachers and to those
Who share with them a schoolboy's woes
The lads of Room Three-thirty-three
Recalling Christ's nativity
Extend a wish sincere and true:
All joy and happiness to you.

Well, Hey Theah!
The "Theek," "Stoopid," Scattah-brains of Room 118
Wish Everyone (I Go On)
Including (Oh, well, Ye-e-es) Their Masters
A Merry Christmas (You Had It Last Year)
And A Happy New Year (Hm-m-m?)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL
FROM THE WIZARDS
OF ROOM 130

THE BOYS OF ROOM 210
WISH

MR. GORDON AND ALL THEIR TEACHERS
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the 34 Geniuses and Morons of ROOM 103

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the boys of ROOM 117

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the boys of ROOM 117

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the boys of Room 302

Wish our many Masters A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year Alas, alas, for 122

Mr. Lambert hos whistled them blue Please Mr. Lambert — stop Or one of these days we're all going to drop.

Amen ROOM 233

Revelabitur gloria Domini et vide bit omnis Caro Salutare Dei Nostri ROOM 234

ROOM 234

ROOM 234

ROOM 235

THE REPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF

M is for Math, Lynch does it just fine,

E is for English, O'Keefe's on the line,

R is for Rosie, he's one of the best,

R is for Register, of dear B.L.S.

Y is for Yuletide, gay presents you send,

C if for Cray, his tests have no end,

H is for Homeroom, friend Partridge is there,

R is for Recess, for noon we prepare,

I is for lan, the Register boy,

S is for Sheehan, our class is his joy,

T is for Turkey, on Christmas 'tis keen,

M is for Marks, in Latin, too lean,

A is for Apple, to teacher we give,

S is for Science, that shows how we live.

## PUT IT TOGETHER AND YOU WILL FIND, MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, FROM ROOM 129

MANNE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

A, MERRY CHRISTMAS

TO ALL

FROM ROOM 131

LES MESSIEURS de la SALLE 301

(vous souhaite)

UN JOYEUX NOËL

et

UNE BONNE ANNEÉ VIVE LE REGISTRE!

施施

**高高高高高** 

施施

GREETINGS

FROM

THE BOYS

OF

203

OWER'S ERSEVERING UPILS

of Room 332

Wish a Merry Christmas

To All of You

MERRY CHIRSTMAS

and

HAPPY NEW YEAR

331 - 335

ullivan's tudious cholars end alutations

To All

From Room 325

SALUTATIONS FROM

221 - 227

**GREETINGS FROM** 

120, 121, 123, 124

Our Teachers are Swell Friends to us

Though sometimes we may swear and cuss When our report cards we do see A bright red color and very sadly We bring it home for our parents to inspect. And with sad remorse they do direct us to our room

To stay for a while in the sad and gloom. Now don't misunderstand me

I have nothing against teachers as you can plainly see

So to our wonderful teachers so kind and dear

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

**ROOM 232** 

Merlin rEilly aRonson kRarets dickeY  eiCh sHalit qualteR gIllis coleS goldsTein Mintz bArry poliShuk  vAlle dillioN poDell	cHefitz seigAl temPle Pally o'learY  o'brieN bErger sadoW  aghjaYan sEgel tobiAs eiRceo  Foire McKittRick kOrelitz feldMan  aueRbach Mr. Sullivan	Mr. ThomAs SHuster  McLeAn  Morrison AlPerin  REnison SPelpogel  GaRland PauleY  DwYer  OrmoNd  JorEss  Canellos Warshofsky  FisHer  ViteRbi MahoneY  GreenfIeld HaynEs  O'Sullivan WAtson  KeaTing Robinson  CorMack  MorgAn BuTler  KrajewSki FeminO  KrAnseler GArber  KleiN SiLk  McGillieudD WaLdron  GArgill  From Room 223
BiederMan ArEna CorR GRassfie NashawatY  Chort WHite BaRon SeIgel SilverStein DonleT Moog KlAiner	O'NeiL Le	tsky Rubin g JacObs PhorosOn Malione sigh 330'S  Altor ZAccneo own VoliaNte s Gladstone

BiederMan	PiTotsky	Rubin
ArEna	LOng	JacObs
CorR	_	PhorosOn
GRassfield	KarAs	Malione
NashawatY	O'NeiL	
	Leigh	330'S
Chorte	e e	
WHite	Faltor	ZAccneo
BaRon	BRown	VoliaNte
SeIgel	HasiOtis	Gladstone
SilverStein	RoMano	SenEse
DonleT		TishLer
Moog		Sutherland
KlAiner		
0 11 (		



## **Boston School Cadets Uniforms**

"Where Your DAD Bought His Cadet Uniform"

- All Sizes Large and Small

  \* Chino Khaki Trousers—Genuine 3.2 oz.

  \* Chino Khaki Shirts with pocket flaps
  - \* Overseas Caps

- \* Khaki Neckties and Sox
- Web Waist Belts
- Shoulder Brassards
- \* Officers' Discs and Shoulder Straps

"Official Headquarters for Cadet Uniforms for over 45 Years"

# ROSENFIELD

Established 1902

15 SCHOOL STREET

BOSTON 8, MASS.

# ALFRED W. HURWITZ

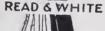
CHRYSLER --- PLYMOUTH Sales — Service — Parts

10 WEBSTER STREET

**COOLIDGE CORNER** 

ASpinwall 7-1600-7-9433





Dress Clothes for Hire

111 SUMMER ST. -:- BUSTON 10, MASS.

LIberty 2-7930

# J. F. COLLINS

Electrical Equipment

STATLER BUILDING

was de la company de la compan

BOSTON 16

MASS.

THE FOTO-RADIO CO.

257 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

(Next to Symphony Hallin
Phetogrophic Supples

FILM CAMERAS FLASH BURS A BEUMS

RANGERS MOVING PETURE PROJECTORS

PRINTING PAPER

One West Service on Color Fronts

Radio Parts to Services.

CHOKES

CONDENSESS RESISTORS

TRANSOMERS RESISTORS

REIGHTON COMMENTACE OF CHIEF PROJECTORS

Repairing of All Kinds

Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry

Room 903. Jeweiers Building

373 Woshington Street

Boston 8. Mass.

SHARAF'S INC.

557 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

The Tright Color Spring and
Better Values

Flowers Telegraphed —
We Deliver Anywhere:

712 WASHINGTON STREET

BOSTON 11. MASS.

AVENUE

AUTO SCHOOL

734 BLUE HILL AVENUE

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Tcl. TAISot 5-0749

The Tight clothes are important to a fellow's fun, goodlooks and comfort . . . it's smart strategy to choose
your clothes at Kennedy's Undergrad Shops,—long
noted for school appared that more than makes the
grade.

KENNEDY'S

UNDERGRAD SHOP

WESTER LASOS.

UNDERGRAD SHOP

WESTER LASOS.

The Tight clothes are important to a fellow's fun, goodlooks and comfort . . . it's smart strategy to choose
your clothes at Kennedy's Undergrad Shops,—long
noted for school appared that more than makes the
grade.

KENNEDY'S

UNDERGRAD SHOP

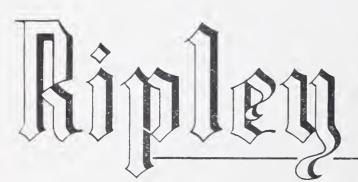
THE PERSON AS TH

# TABIN - Pearlman Hatters CLOTHIERS Haberdashers 463 Seventh Avenue New York 18, N.Y. Telephone LAckawanna 4-1357



compare Ripley CLOTHES with any make that sells for twice the price"





Boston

Stores Located Throughout Greater New York



## TWO ENVIABLE INSTITUTIONS OF LEADERSHIP

- BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

   Leading High School Since 1635
  - COLUMBIA & MYERS

## UPHOLSTERING CO., INC.

Boston Leaders in Upholstered Furniture Since 1892

**54 CANAL STREET** 

BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS

# THE Century PAPER COMPANY, INC.

# Paper Merchants

275 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON 10, MASS.

Telephone HA 6-1245

When Buying Gifts for

Mothers and Sisters

Buy Full-Fashioned Nylon Hosiery at

# RING CLEAR

376 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Corner Franklin Street

**BURKERERERERERERERERE** 



School and College Photographers

Cy

132 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.